

THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

NEMAH, NEBRASKA.

A BABY'S DECREE.

The dog that came to our house was of sad and mournful kind, He sat down by the kitchen door and waited there and whined, And, hearing him, the girl went out and threatened him with coal, And he withdrew himself from view in silent, gloomy dole.

He was a homely looking cur, patched in with white and black— He waited till the girl was gone and then came slowly back; So cheerless was the vagrant beast, so void of grace or charms, That I, myself, expelled him then with sound of fierce alarms.

That homeless, spotted, trampish dog, was most persistent, He lingered outside the yard until the gate clicked after me, And then—my wife's authority—when I ran for the train He came again, and was rebuked by her in bitter strain.

But, lo! as down the yard he moved at mournful, slinking pace, Around the fold of mamma's dress there peered a baby face, And then my boy declared himself with noisy, joyful whoop: "A doggie tum to play wit me!" and scampered down the stoop.

Now listen—this is passing strange; that evening at the gate A dog, all patched with white and black, met me with bark elate, And, guarded by the merry girl, my boy approached in glee, And from the porch his mother smiled most shamelessly at me.

The probate court is mighty in its mandates and decrees, But there are legal processes that double discount these, And when a baby indicates a purpose and intent In which adoption figures there is room for no dissent.

—Chicago Record.

MR. BARNES' WILL.

A great many stories have been told about wills.

In fact, if it were not for the lost wills, the forged wills, the stolen wills, and the wills that have turned up just at the right moment to avert untold misery, the storehouse of fiction would have space for sale.

I therefore feel that in telling still another tale about a will I am imposing on a long-suffering public. I fully understand that it would be only natural for people to say:

"Look here, we are sick of wills; especially those in which we are not mentioned. If you must tell something, tell it about love, adventures, hair-breadth escapes or desert islands, and let wills alone."

But there are two things that lead me to defy popular opinion and tell the story anyhow. One is that it really isn't half bad, and the other is that both Robbins and Fox have asked me to make the matter public, so that they will be set right in the eyes of the community.

Only last week Robbins came to me and said:

"Perkins, that business about old Barnes' will is a first-rate joke on Fox, and I don't see why you don't write it up for the papers. You needn't mention me at all, you know, except to correct any false impressions."

"All right," said I, "if it will please you I will do it, of course. As you say, it's an elegant joke on Fox."

Night before last when I was down at the Octopus club, Fox drew me into a corner and said in a confidential whisper:

"Perkins, why don't you print that thing about old Barnes' will and show up Robbins? It's a mighty good thing on Robbins, and if you tell it right it will make people laugh. The facts ought to be known anyhow."

I said: "Fox, I've been thinking about that myself, and I've concluded to do it."

"That's right," said he, as we strolled downstairs to take, on Fox's invitation, a cold bottle. "That's right, and if Robbins finds out you're doing it and tries to make you stop, tell him to go to thunder."

Both Fox and Robbins are bookkeepers by occupation, Fox working for a wholesale grocer on Front street, and Robbins being engaged in a gigantic hardware emporium, where he is obliged to rein his poetic fancy and keep his mind fixed on nails, stoves, flatirons and other vulgar necessities. It is only once a year, and then but for the short space of some fourteen days, that they are able to escape from the bonds of business and give free scope to the reckless fancies with which they are endowed.

By an ingenious system of swapping with their fellow employees they generally manage to secure their vacations at the same time, and then go just as far from home as their pocketbooks will permit, in order that they may pose as two prominent young plutocrats, at a minimum risk of detection. They have confessed to me that they find this propensity an expensive one, and that its gratification entails a great deal of self-denial during the evil and uneventful fifty weeks which they are compelled, by a cruel destiny, to spend upon their native heath. It seems only fair to suppose, therefore, that their holiday comprises a very vivid and entrancing fortnight as it recompenses them for so much.

Last summer they went, on the urgent suggestion of Robbins, to Bar

Harbor. Robbins said he had heard a great deal about that place, and he wanted to see if it was what it was cracked up to be. It had a nobby sort of a name, anyhow, and he believed it would sound first rate for Fox and himself to say they summered there. If it didn't come up to expectations they could take a run down to Newport or Cape May, where they would be pretty sure to find some society that was congenial. Fox, having no violent predilection for any other place, they looked up their rooms, hid the key where neither they nor anyone else could by any chance find it again, flourished five months' salary beneath the impassive glare of the ticket agent, and went.

II.

They hadn't been gone more than a week when I received a letter, of which Robbins had written one-half and Fox the other, in which they said that Bar Harbor was a bang up place, full of elite people like themselves, and, although they had at the date of writing been there only a day and a half, they had already been social lions at a reception, bathed with a man worth \$18,000,000, and rescued a bank president from drowning.

This last item had a ring of heroism about it which conflicted with my preconceived notions of Fox and Robbins. It subsequently proved, however, that they had saved a man, and the president of the Surplus national bank at that. That this old gentleman, whose name was Barnes, William Barnes, had in some way got out of his depth, and was going down in the conventional way for the third and last time, when Robbins, who is first cousin to the Washington monument, and can wade around where an ordinary man would be completely under, rushed up to him and dragged him to the beach. There Fox, who had been reading a book called "How to Resuscitate the Partially Drowned," blew down his throat, jerked his legs and arms, punched him in the stomach, and smacked him all over with a shingle, until the man, in sheer desperation under these indignities, recovered. He was very grateful, as was only natural, and told Fox and Robbins that he could see it would be an insult to offer them money (for which keen perception they privately cursed him), but he gave them each a diamond ring, and strongly hinted that he would remember them further at some other time.

He invited them to his house, introduced them to his family, which was not extensive, as it consisted of one daughter, and so turned their heads by his little efforts to show his gratitude that they became mere bundles of unmitigated conceit. At the imminent risk of losing their situation and forfeiting their only earthly means of support, they prolonged their vacation two weeks beyond its proper limit, Fox telegraphing to the grocery and the hardware store that Robbins was afflicted with a high fever, and that he was nursing him, and that he would bring him home at the earliest possible moment; a condition of things that did not coincide well with the healthy glow and plump appearance of Robbins when he returned to his desk one month after leaving it.

"As a matter of fact, Perkins," said Fox to me one evening shortly after their return, "it was a mighty risky thing to do, but I simply couldn't tear myself away. I don't mind telling you, in confidence, that it's pretty much a settled thing between Miss Barnes and me, and, of course, under the circumstances, I just had to stay."

Now this rather surprised me, as I hardly thought there had been time for anything so serious as that; but Fox explained that he was no slouch when it came to love making, and that it was all just as he said, but that I must not say anything about it yet, particularly to Robbins, "because," said he, "Robbins has got a fool idea that the girl is stuck on him, which is all nonsense."

This prophecy about Robbins proved to be entirely correct. I came across him that same evening gazing in a meditative way at the ground and poking holes in it with his walking cane.

"Robbins," said I, "you look as though you had something on your mind. What's the matter?"

"Why, the truth is," said he, "I have got something on my mind, and if you'll promise to keep it quiet I'll tell you about it."

"I won't say a word to anybody," said I, "if you don't want me to. What is it?"

Robbins looked carefully up and down the street and then toward the sky, as if he thought there might be some one eavesdropping in a balloon, and then said:

"I am thinking about getting married."

"Ho!" said I, "is that so? Whom are you going to marry?"

"Why, a girl I met at Bar Harbor, Miss Barnes, you know. By George, Perkins, she's a girl among a thousand. Of course, we haven't got the day fixed, or anything like that, but it's all right."

"You haven't got any rivals, have you?" said I.

"Not one," said Robbins. "Fox has an idea that he has a chance with her himself, but he's a conceited idiot. Don't you think we might go and take a ball?"

These disclosures possessed a certain amount of interest. Barnes being a millionaire, his daughter was rather a valuable prize, aside from her charms of person, which Robbins had been inclined to dilate upon. However, it was

no affair of mine, so I left Fox and Robbins to their own devices, which I understood consisted largely in frustrating the detective efforts of a shipping clerk in the hardware house who had been deprived of his vacation entirely by the long absence of Robbins, and who displayed a dangerous inclination to probe the whole thing to the bottom.

PART III.

It must have been about six weeks or two months after all this that I was seated one day in my office when the door was flung violently open and in rushed Fox and Robbins in a state of excitement that can only be described as tumultuous.

Fox had a telegram which he attempted to read, but Robbins, being apparently very anxious to snatch it away from him and read it himself, he was not able to convey its contents very clearly. Finally, at my urgent request, they stopped their scuffling and became a little bit rational.

"Barnes is dead," said Fox, sinking into a chair.

"Dead as Hamlet," echoed Robbins, "and he's left us \$20,000 apiece."

"But only on condition that neither of us marries his daughter," they continued together with the expression of deeply injured and defrauded men.

This was information of such a startling nature that it was several moments before I was able to thoroughly digest it.

"Fox," said I, finally, "what made him put that in?"

"How do I know," said Fox, "unless it was that he got disgusted at the way Robbins used to hang about the girl when everybody could see that he was not wanted. Maybe it was only natural, but it's confounded unfair to me."

"Well, I never saw such a conceited ass as you are," put in Robbins. "Why, you hung around there yourself until everybody was sick of the sight of you. Why should they care anything for you, anyhow? I saved the man's life. All you did was to beat him with a stick until he was black and blue, and they didn't have a bit of use for you, either one of them."

"You talk like a lunatic," said Fox. "You let the man lay around in the water until he was practically as dead as Hector, and then lugged him ashore and sat down and watched me bring him to life. Maria Barnes never would have married you, and you needn't think it."

"Well, now, see here," said I, "if this will wasn't in existence all the man's property would go to his daughter, and whoever married her would get the benefit of the whole business."

"That's very true," said Fox and Robbins, "but the will is in existence."

"Perhaps it can be broken," said I.

"Why, that's a fact," said they, and the more they thought about it the more enthusiastic they got. I suggested to them that it might be well to take their \$20,000 and let well enough alone, but they wouldn't have it. Fox said that, of course, it would be pretty hard on Robbins, who wouldn't get anything at all, but he wasn't going to lose a fine girl, worth a cool million in her own right, for any measly \$20,000, and Robbins said Fox had been talking in an impudent and disagreeable way, and he was going to get even with him by scooping the whole outfit. In this frame of mind they went off to hunt up a lawyer.

About two weeks afterward they came back looking very disconsolate. They had procured a copy of the will and taken it around to a number of legal lights who had severally and jointly declared that it was an absolutely unbreakable instrument. It had evidently been drawn up, they said, with the utmost care, and any attempt to dispute its provisions was bound to result in an ignominious failure.

"Well," said I, "the only man who can break a will like that is the one who made it. Do you know who he was?"

"Why, yes," said Robbins, "it was drawn up by that fellow Peters, who used to go out riding with Miss Barnes. You remember him, don't you, Fox?"

"Of course, I remember him," said Fox. "Regular crank, though, and I never thought much of him. I don't see how a fellow like that ever managed to draw up such a good will."

"Well," said I, "I think you'd better write to him about it, anyway, and see what he says."

"Oh, all right," said Fox, "I'll write to him, and I'll come around and tell you what he answers."

In about ten days Fox put in an appearance quite radiant with joy.

"Look here," said he, producing a letter. "Here's a letter from Peters in which he says he has had the matter of old Barnes' will under consideration, and he is of the opinion that there are several fatal flaws in it which invalidate it completely. He says if we are willing to put up the necessary costs for entering suit he is confident that the thing can be broken into 10,000 pieces. It won't be worth a continental cent."

Fox waved his arms and grew quite lurid as he described what Peters would do to the will.

"I was deceived in that chap," said Fox. "He's a downright clever fellow."

The cost of court proved to be a little bit steep, but both Robbins and Fox put up their money with a great display of nerve and confidence. As for Peters' fee, Robbins said he would pay it all afterward, as it would be hardly fair to expect Fox to put up money for something he didn't get. Fox said it would be a healthy thing for Robbins if he

made him pay half the fee anyway, but that he knew he wouldn't have the heart to do it. The process of contesting the will, guided by the experienced hand of Peters, went along very smoothly. Point after point was scored by this astute logician, who traversed little by little the labyrinth of the law. Between Fox and Robbins there arose, as the end drew near, a decided coolness. They passed one another on the street with a haughty air, and no longer frequented together the economical lunch house where they had been accustomed to regale themselves. When they visited me they came separately and spoke of each other with evident distrust and ill-feeling.

It was therefore with considerable astonishment that I came across them one day as I was going through the park seated together on a dilapidated green bench, Fox with his head on Robbins' shoulder and Robbins with his arms around Fox's neck. Their eyes were closed, and they appeared quite lost to this world and all its variegated contents. Lying at their feet was an open letter. In idle curiosity I picked it up and read it. It said:

"Messrs. Fox and Robbins: Dear Sirs—The court has to-day decided the will left by the late William Barnes to be null and void. His entire estate goes to his daughter. She and I were married yesterday. You will find inclosed my bill for \$500 for professional services. Permit me to congratulate you on the entire success of your suit. Very respectfully,
"SAMUEL PETERS."

Presently Robbins raised his head in an aimless sort of way.

"Fox," said he, "they didn't do a thing to us."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

FELT HATS.

How They Were Made in the Beginning of the Century.

The making of felt hats in 1800 was a more difficult affair than it is at the present day. It was then a long and difficult process, nor were the hats as durable as those now made. The hat body, as it was then called, was formed in this manner: A block of wood in the form of a cone, wet, was placed on a large table; then the workman, holding in one hand a long bow suspended from the ceiling, would snap the string of the bow among the wool on the table until the wet block was covered with wool fibers of a sufficient thickness to form a hat. The block, with its covering of wool, was then placed in boiling water until the woolly fibers became felted sufficiently to remove it from the block.

A large copper kettle, set in brick with a furnace beneath for heating water, was placed in the center of the room, with a wooden frame around the kettle similar in shape to the hopper of a grain mill. The workmen, standing around with the palms of their hands covered with sole leather to protect them from the hot water, rolled and squeezed the hats until they were firmly felted. The hats were then shaped on blocks until they assumed the desired form; then they were lined, bound and trimmed, and were ready for sale.

It is told of a Mr. Simmons, of Connecticut, who manufactured hats in this fashion, that whenever he saw a stranger in the street wearing a hat whose shape was new to him he would take it off, and after examining it carefully would replace it on the owner's head without apology, as if his action were nothing singular.—Youth's Companion.

PRESERVING FRUIT.

A New Method Tried with Great Success in the West Indies.

Details of a new process for keeping fruit in a fresh condition have recently been received from France. A scientist noted that pears and apples kept for several months in an atmosphere saturated with vapors of water and alcohol, and he resolved to carry the experiment further with a view to learning the possibility of reducing the scheme to the requirements of everyday needs and methods. With this object in view, the operator placed a variety of fruit, including grapes, together with a bottle containing 61 cubic inches of alcohol at 96 degrees in a brick receptacle from which the light and air were excluded by a common wooden door. In two similar receptacles, the door of one being left open and that of the other closed, but the alcohol being absent from both, other fruit was placed, and they were placed in a deep cellar, the atmosphere of which registered about 50 degrees. Twenty days later the contents of the two last named chambers were found to be absolutely worthless, but the receptacle in which the bottle of alcohol had also been placed presented a very different spectacle. Not only were the grapes firm, full and entirely free from mold, but the bloom upon them was found to be as fresh as though the bunch had just been taken from the vine. The chamber was closed for another month, and at the end of that period everything was still as fresh as formerly, and the freshness was evident equally as much in the taste as in the appearance. These experiments have certainly added to our methods of fruit preserving a process which is not only inexpensive, but exceedingly useful.—Barbados (W. I.) Home Builder.

—The British empire has an area of 11,399,316 square miles and a population of 402,514,800 persons, the former being equal to 21 per cent. of the supposed surface of the land, the latter 27 per cent. of the population of the world.

GLADSTONE'S BITTER WORDS.

England's "Grand Old Man" Says the Sultan of Turkey Is an Assassin.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—Hon. W. E. Gladstone has written still another letter denouncing the sultan of Turkey. In this communication Mr. Gladstone says: "In my opinion, the assassin, and not his Mohammedan subjects, is the author of the massacres. From first to last, their atrocity has no parallel in recent history. The action of Europe is a miserable, disgraceful mockery, and some sovereigns and governments have given direct countenance and support to the assassin. Indeed, the presence of the embassies at Constantinople is in itself substantial countenance of support to him and his guilty proceedings. The coercion which should long ago have been applied to him might even now be the means of averting another series of massacres."

A dispatch from Constantinople published here asserts that a wholesale massacre of Christians is planned to occur there within a fortnight and that Armenians have been deported from there on board ships and have been drowned in batches, being shot through specially constructed chutes.

ANGRY BOY'S CRIME.

An Oklahoma Youth, Furious with Rage, Murders His Brother.

EL RENO, Ok., Sept. 14.—The home of J. S. Mathews, 30 miles south of here in the Chickasaw country, was the scene of a terrible tragedy. Two sons of Mr. Mathews were playing together and Barney, aged 17, teased and irritated his younger brother, aged 11, until he became furious with anger and after throwing a number of things at his tormentor he ran into the house and grabbed his father's shotgun. Just as he came out of the door with it he met his older brother coming in, and, still beside himself with anger, he pressed the gun against Barney's breast and pulled the trigger. The charge entered Barney's breast and killed him instantly. The entire family are prostrated over the terrible affair. The youthful murderer has not been put under arrest and probably will not be, owing to his extreme youth and the great provocation he was laboring under.

FUSION IN MISSOURI.

Democrats and Populists Unite to Defeat McKinley in That State.

St. LOUIS, Sept. 14.—After a session of several hours the populist state committee, late Saturday afternoon, adopted a resolution to accept the fusion plan for electors proposed by the democratic state central committee. A sub-committee of three, of which Chairman Roselle will be a member, will be appointed to confer with a like committee of democrats as to the districts which shall be included in the fusion. The number of electors the populists will get is four—three district electors and one elector-at-large. The democrats are trying to secure the consent of the populists to fuse on state ticket and congressmen. The populists may agree to this if they will be given the lieutenant-governor and railway commissioner and four congressmen.

DUEL OF LOCOMOTIVES.

A Manufactured Collision Will Be One of the Carnival Week Attractions.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 14.—A head-end collision between two locomotives, such as was exhibited recently in Chicago, Des Moines, Ia., and other places, will be given near this city Tuesday, October 6, and will be one of the attractions of carnival week. Two 60-ton engines, each with two box cars attached, will be started toward each other on a level stretch of track several miles apart. The engines, while going at full speed, will meet in front of where the spectators are massed.

Castor Oil Works Burned.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 14.—Fire consumed the three buildings of the Marsh castor oil works last night. The damage is variously estimated at from \$35,000 to \$100,000. The latter estimate is placed upon it by Mr. E. C. Marsh, of the firm of Marsh Bros., lessees of the establishment. There is \$100,000 insurance on the building and contents. The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is supposed to have started from a spark from a passing Santa Fe locomotive.

Florida Republicans May Give Way.

PENSACOLA, Fla., Sept. 14.—Chairman Hillman, of the republican state executive committee, was here Saturday and it is currently reported among the sound money democrats that the republicans will take down their electors and give a united support to the Palmer and Buckner electors; also that sound money candidates for congress will be put in the field and that they will also receive solid republican support.

Fusionists Give Up South Dakota.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 14.—The national democrats of South Dakota are certain to vote for McKinley, all the leaders having cast their lot with the republicans. It is announced from reliable populist sources that the populists concede the defeat of their state ticket and have decided to devote all their energies to capturing the legislature.